

Together We're Stronger

by montgomerymarin

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Summary: Spencer, Toby, Aria, Ezra, Hanna, Caleb, Emily and Alison are hurting more than ever. They spend days thinking about what could've been in their relationships, if they fought harder. Can they help each other? Can they save each other? Can their relationships and friendships work out with the new -A hiding in plain sight? Or will they fall apart? Inspired by 6x20.

1. Chapter 1

****Well, hi! So I've had this in my mind for a while now. Season 7 of PLL is coming out in June, so I'm gonna try to write as much PLL fanfic as I can, but I do have a lot of school stuff to deal with. I'm not sure how many chapters this story will have, but it won't be a lot. This is based on 6x20, and there will be a lot of stories based on the finale because I'm OBSESSED with Haleb, Ezria, Spoby and Emison... Well especially HALEB. So I hope you guys will like this! Please review! Also, sorry if there are some mistakes, English isn't my first language.****

It has been 2 weeks. Two weeks since Hanna and Caleb kissed, Aria and Ezra had sex, Alison admitted herself into a Psychiatric Hospital, Hanna was almost murdered, Spencer and Toby became really close and of course, two weeks since they found out their stalker was what-looked-like-mrs-Dilaurentis-who-is-dead and it was probably her crazy sister Mary Drake, who is Charlotte's biological mother.

* * *

><p>Emily was tired from all of it and she needed a few days to collect herself. She had so many questions. Did Charlotte know Mary was her mother? Who is Charlotte's father? Was Alison really losing it? Who the hell was "A.D."? In the past few days, Emily noticed the change in her friends. Hanna, Caleb, Ezra, Aria, Toby, Spencer. Like it was something more. But she knew they all needed time. She needed peace and quiet. But her mind wouldn't shut down. She

couldn't stop thinking about everything that has happened. And she was asking herself one question over and over again. emHow would she tell Ali? How would she tell her Charlotte wasn't really her sister, how would she tell her about Mary Drake? It didn't have to be her, but everybody had their own problems. Emily had to do it. She had to be there for Ali because Ali needed her. That was just what the two of them did. And for Emily, it meant somethings more. She wasn't sure in her feelings anymore. She just knew that she loved Alison. Seeing Ali hurting like that and admitting to that hospital, it broke Emily's heart. And Emily knew she felt emsomething. She just had to figure out what she wanted, and then, she had to be honest with Ali. She was going to fix everything. She needed to. But she couldn't do it alone.

* * *

><p>Aria sat in her room. Her laptop was next to her. Two weeks ago, her best friend was almost killed. Aria was freaking out. If something had happened to Hanna, Aria knew she would never forgive herself. And on top of all of that, the love triangle she was in. Ezra and Liam. She was dating Liam. But she loved Ezra. She knew that. After the rescued Hanna, she went to her room and stayed there. She decided to write a book of her own. But it was probably going to be only for her. It was probably never going to get published. Well, that's what she thought. She didn't see Ezra in two weeks. She came once to look for him, but Sabrina told her he was out of town. And Aria was back to her room. She talked to Hanna and Em over the phone a few times. She called Spencer over and over again, but she never picked up. Something worried Aria. It was the look on Hanna and Caleb's faces when she and Ezra walked into the room. Like something has happened between the two. Aria even called Caleb, but he never picked up, either. Aria and Caleb were actually really close. He opened up to her about living without his father, he taught her how to do that computer stuff when she couldn't get into college. Aria's heart was breaking for him, Hanna and Spencer. She knew Caleb and Hanna loved each other. She emknewem it. But Spencer was the other half of her team Sparia. And Aria hated to see three of her best friends hurting. But there wasn't much she could do. She had her life to deal with. Liam called her every day. She always wanted to pick up and tell him they had to talk, but every time she chickened out. Ezra was avoiding her. She knew it. And she didn't have a problem with it. If he avoided her, then she wouldn't have to talk to him. But she knew it was wrong. She knew she had to talk to him. _Soon._

* * *

><p>Hanna sat in The Radley drinking her coffee. She kissed her best friend's boyfriend, her ex. How could she? She asked herself that question for the past two weeks. And she was engaged. She felt horrible. She probably told him that she never stopped loving him because there was a possibility that she was going to die. But there was something inside her telling her it was the right thing to do. She knew very well it was wrong, but it felt so right.

As she drank her coffee, her eyes noticed Aria walking towards her.

"Hey." Aria sat beside her and ran a hand through her messy short hair.

"Hi. What's up?" Hanna asked taking a sip of her coffee.

"Not much. I haven't seen you in a while."

"Yeah, well, the past few days have been rough." Hanna sighed.

"Have you heard from Spencer? I've left her a bunch of messages." Aria asked.

"I don't think Spencer wants to talk to me right now."

"Hey, what's going on? Han, whatever it is, you know you can tell me." Aria gently touched Hanna's shoulder.

"I-I kissed him."

"Caleb?!" Aria whisper-yelled.

"Yes, Caleb."

"Well then, welcome to the club." Aria said looking at the floor.

"What does that mean?"

"Well, you know the book I wrote with Ezra?"

Hanna nodded. "Well, Jillian loved it. And Ezra and I were really excited. And I kissed him. And then he kissed me back. And then, we ended up on his bed."

"Aria! You have a boyfriend."

"Yeah, thanks for reminding me." Aria put her head in her hands and let out a loud sigh. "Ugh, I need a shot of vodka."

"Tell me about it." Hanna said. "I think I'm gonna go to my hotel room now. I don't wanna run into Caleb or Spencer. Wanna hide with me?"

"Han, I'd love to, but I gotta go. My room misses me very much." Hanna chuckled and hugged her best friend tightly. She knew Aria and her felt the same way. She knew she could count on Aria.

"What are you doing in your room every day?" Hanna asked.

"Oh, not much. just writing a book." Aria gave her a small smile.

"Seriously? Aria! That's amazing!" Hanna hugged her once again.

"Thanks. But yeah, if you need someone tonight, or if you don't want to get drunk alone, call me. I'm happy do help." Aria smiled at her. Yup, Hanna could definitely count on Aria Montgomery.

* * *

><p>Spencer sat on the couch in the barn. She thoguht about everything. Her mom was the State Senator of Pennsylvania. Her mom

had cancer. -A was back. Charlotte wasn't Ali's sister. Mary Drake was Charlotte's biological mother. Sara Harvey was up to no good. She told him she loved him. He didn't say it back. He yelled at her when Mona followed them. They way he looked at Hanna when they found her. Something happened. She wasn't sure what. She didn't see him or her in two weeks. She didn't answer any of Aria and Emily's texts. They didn't hear from "A.D." in 2 weeks. Did she really love Caleb? No. She knew that now. She was unsure about a lot of things, but she was sure she didn't love him. What she was unsure about - how she felt about Toby Cavanaugh. She probably ruined his and Yvonne's relationship. And that was not her intention. She didn't want anything to happen to him because of her. She wanted him to be happy, without her. But every day she wondered what could've been. If they worked it out? If they stayed together? If that ring was for her? If Hanna and Caleb stayed together? Thinking about her and Toby made her understand Hanna and Caleb. Those feelings don't just go away. They fought for it for so long. Joining the A-Team, -A hurting both of them, him becoming a cop, her drug addiction... They fought for each other for so long, and it was distance what tore them apart? The future? Different pictures? They broke up because of that. She would never forgive herself for letting him go. But she herself was unsure of who she was and what she felt. She had to talk to Hanna and Caleb. But when they were ready. She was going to hear them out. Together, they would find their way out of this love triangle without anyone getting hurt. It seemed impossible, but they would make it. Their friendship was worth it. And then, she would figure things out with Toby. She didn't know if she wanted a relationship or a friendship, but she would know it soon. And then together, all of them; Spencer, Aria, Hanna, Emily, Alison, Ezra, Caleb and Toby, maybe even Mona, would bring down "A.D." once and for all.<p>

They would find their way back to their soulmates. They would work bring down "A.D." together. Because together they were stronger. Together they would mend. Well, they hoped they would.

2. Chapter 2

****Here it is! I am so thankful for all the reviews! Thank you so much! Yes there WILL be a flashback from when they saved Hanna. Feel free to write your requests! You can PM me too. I hope you like this chapter! And I'm not sure if there will be a sequel to "I'm Coming Home" Haleb one-shot that I wrote, but I will be writing a lot of one-shots. Enjoy reading! Don't forget to review!****

* * *

><p>She couldn't tell what was real anymore. She was losing it. And she was all alone. Nobody came. She knew it was for the best. She needed help. But she needed people she loved with her. Her husband came almost every day, when he didn't have to deal with his job. But she didn't come. The only person she needed wasn't there. And why wasn't she there? What happened? And why did she mean so much to her? They were just friends, weren't they? But then, why wasn't her best friend there? Probably because they both had their own problems. Or maybe she didn't want to visit her? But why? Someone like her wouldn't do that. Because her best friend was a loving, caring, sweet, compassionate and loyal person.

Every time the staff of the hospital would say "Visitor!" she hoped

it was _her. _She hoped that she'd be in her arms and that they would _never _be apart again. But every time, it would be her husband. Not that she didn't love him, she did. It was all just confusing. Really confusing. She missed everything. Her friends. They were like family to her, because she didn't have any. She missed her students, she missed teaching at Rosewood High. But then she saw their faces. He dead mother. A dead cop. They wanted to punish her. It was her fault. It was all her fault.

"Alison, you have a vistor!" a voice brought her back to reality. It was Elliot, she thought. And probably, he was going to talk to her about her meds and she was going to be lost in her thoughts about _her _and why _she_ wasn't there, once again. She walked slowly out of her room. Then she saw a dark-haired girl with who's back was facing her.

"E-Emily?" Ali stuttered.

The girl turned around and smiled. "Ali!"

The two girls embraced. And Ali never wanted to pull away. And neither did Emily.

"I missed you so much, Em!" Alison couldn't get enough of her, like she didn't see her for years.

"I missed you, too." Emily sighed and pulled away. They sat down holding hands.

"Em? Is something wrong?" Ali was concerned.

"Ali..." Emily didn't know how to tell Ali everything that happened.

"Emily? What happened? Is everybody okay?"

"No, um, everything's fine. Everybody is okay." and she decided against telling her. "But we're not here to talk about me. How are you?"

"I'm fine. I guess."

"I am so sorry, Alison. I should've visited you. I should've been there for you. I'm so sorry."

"Em, it's fine. I understand. What's going on with you?"

"It's just... It's everything. My mom, the girls, the cops, they still don't know who killed... Charlotte."

Ali sighed and gave Emily a small smile. "They will find out, Em. And everything will get better."

"Look at us. You're the one with problems here. I'm supposed to comfort you and here you are giving me a pep talk." Alison chuckled.

"Well that's what friends are for." Alison rubbed Emily's shoulder.

"I love you, you know that?" Emily blurted out. She didn't mean to say it, but she did. She was afraid of what Alison would think, because she herself wasn't sure of the way she felt about Ali.

But Ali's smile just grew wider. "And I love you too, with all my heart." Alison embraced Emily and held onto her as tight as possible.

As they pulled away, Emily said "I'll visit more often, okay? Or you can consider leaving this place and coming back home..."

"I appreciate it, Em. But I need help. Charlotte was here, and she got better. And so will I."

"Alright then, I'll come whenever I can. I promise. I won't leave you alone, Ali." Emily smiled.

"Thank you, Emily. You mean so much to me." and the two embraced once again.

But then Emily felt guilty. She knew she had to tell her about "A.D." and Mary Drake, but she didn't know how to do it. Ali was happy, even if she was in a hospital, but there was a smile on her face and it meant the world to Emily. She meant the world to Emily. And nothing was gonna ruin them. Nothing was gonna come between them. Emily just hoped Alison wasn't going to be mad at her. She couldn't lose Ali, because Ali was a part of her. And if she lost her, she didn't know what she would do. Alison Dilaurentis was her happiness, her hope, her best friend. Or something more. Little did Emily know, Ali felt the same way.

* * *

><p>Aria knocked on the barn door. Her hands were shaking. She had a panic attack. And the nightmares started again. She went to Hanna, knocked on the door for 10 minutes, no answer. She called Emily, no answer. She thought about going to Ezra, but she didn't have the guts to do it, not after they did, you know... So she went to Spencer Hastings, one of her best friends. Both of them needed a Team Sparia reunion. She hoped Spencer would be there. She hoped someone would. Anyone. She didn't want to be alone. It didn't work well for her. The panic attacks started again. She thought she was in Charlotte's dollhouse or that there was fire all around her or that there was someone in a black hoodie in her room. She needed help. And who was a better helper than a Hastings? Aria was afraid she would turn to alcohol. And she couldn't. If she started drinking, she wouldn't be able to stop. That already happened when she found out Ezra was writing a book about Alison. She wasn't going to do that again.<p>

It took 5 minutes for Spencer to open the door. She looked like she got as much sleep as Aria did. And Aria could barely survive without coffee. That's why she needed Spencer's famous coffee.

"Aria?"

"Spence, hey! Can I come in?"

"Of course." Spencer and Aria walked into the barn. "Sorry, it's a

mess in here."

"No worries, Spence."

"Do you want some coffee?"

"Yeah, that'd be great, thanks." Aria sat as Spencer went to get coffee.

Spencer gave Aria her cup. "Ar, are you okay?"

"Yeah. It's just... The past couple of days have been rough."

"Yeah, I know."

They sat in silence.

"Spence? Is everything okay? You know... With you and Caleb."

"Yeah, I don't know. I haven't seen him in days. What do you think? What should I do, Ar?" Spencer was desperate. She needed advice.

"Spence, I don't know. I think all of you just need time."

"Ar, have you seen Toby?"

"No, I haven't. Did something happen between you two?" Aria asked.

"I think I ruined his and Yvonne's relationship. And that is not what I wanted. I just wanted him to be happy."

"You know, if this was 5 years ago, he'd be happy with you, not her."

"Yeah well, that was 5 years ago. This is now."

"Wasn't everything easier then? Yeah, we had to deal with -A, but we had Toby, Caleb, Ezra and Ali with us. Now, everything is falling apart. We're all hiding and avoiding each other."

"I know. I agree. Everything wasn't easy back then, but it was definitely easier. I jsut don't know if I can do any of this anymore." Spencer sighed.

Aria hugged her best friend. "It's gonna be okay, Spence."

"I'm so glad you're here, Ar. But I also know you know something I don't about Hanna and Caleb. You don't have to tell me. I don't want you to take sides. You have your own problems."

"Yeah. I do. Unfortunately."

"What's going on?"

"Well, you know, there's just a lot of thins with Ezra and Liam... I kind of cheated on Liam, with Ezra. And I have been avoiding both of them ever since."

"Wow, Ar. Just, wow. And I thought my life was complicated." Aria laughed on Spencer's comment and they embraced.

"Aria? Thank you. For being here. I love you."

Aria smiled. "I love you too, Spencer."

Aria could breathe now. She was Hanna's and Spencer's best friend. The three of them, Ali and Em, were best friends. And that was never going to change. Friendship. That was something the five of them had, and this "A.D." person didn't. They were friends, and they were going to be friends forever. Whatever "A.D." had on them, they had their friendship. They had their forever.

* * *

><p>And? I hope it's not bad! Love it? Hate it? Please, please, please, review! So, until next time, guys!

3. Chapter 3

Here's the new chapter! Hope you guys will like it! In a few chapters you will get a flashback from when Hanna was kidnapped. I will write a lot of one-shots too, mostly Haleb but also Spoby, Ezria and Emison. Sparia, too. So yeah, I hope you guys like this! Review, review, pleaseeeee!

* * *

><p>"So, what flowers do you want for the wedding?" Ashley asked while trying to clean up the mess Hanna made in her hotel room.<p>

"I don't know, mom." Hanna answered while eating her breakfast.

"Hanna, what is going on with you? First, you're gone for days, and then you show up and lock yourself up here for two weeks!"

"Mom, I really don't want to talk about that, okay?" Hanna said, while an image of a black hoodie appeared in her head again.

"Hanna, you're getting married. May 17th. And I can't say I'm happy about it."

Hanna sighed and rolled her eyes.

"Are you sure this has nothing to do with Caleb?"

"No! Mom! Caleb and I are over!"

"And are you sure you're not saying that just because he's dating Sp-"

Hanna interrupted her. "Spencer! He's dating Spencer! I'm engaged to Jordan! Jor-dan! That's how it is. And I don't want to hear one more word about it!" she snapped.

"Okay.. If you say you don't feel anything for Caleb, fine." Ashley

said, still thinking her daughter is making a terrible decision.

"Hanna?"

"Yes, mom?"

"Whatever you do, don't lose your friends. I know for sure they're the best thing in your life. If you don't want Caleb to be anything more than a friend, than you're lucky to have a friend like him in your life." Hanna hugged her mom as the first tear fell, but she quickly wiped it away.

The truth was, she didn't want to marry Jordan, but she figured it was the best for everyone. She couldn't ruin Spencer's life. Hanna thought she was better than that. But then she would suffer. And she would suffer for Spencer. Or Aria, Emily or Ali. And for Caleb, too. She would suffer for them, she would give her life for them, she would do anything for them.

Caleb loved Spencer, not Hanna. Or did he? A small part of Hanna's brain whispered _"He loves you" _but she wasn't going to listen to that stupid part. She wanted him to love her so badly. She wanted him to tell her what they had was real and that it was still there. But he loved Spencer. Or did he? Should she ask him? No. She wasn't going to be the one to make the move. If he wanted to talk, he'd call already. But what if he thought the same thing? They were both afraid. Afraid of what they felt. Afraid of who they were. Afraid of what was left of them. Left of their love.

After Ashley left, Hanna grabbed her computer and started writing an email.

Caleb,

_I know things have been complicated between the two of us. And I know you're in love with Spencer. I don't want to cause any trouble, so I'm writing you this email. I'm so sorry. For everything. For being the reason you have to deal with this at the first place, for making a mess out of your life, for making you stay in Rosewood when you could just live a happy life, for letting you down so many times, for always choosing my job over you, for letting you go so easily. I hope we can be friends after everything. I understand if you don't want to be a friend. I know I said it was okay for you and Spencer to date. And even if I changed my mind or lied, it's what you both want. It's what you both feel. And that's what matters the most, not what I feel or think. Maybe you don't need me in my life. And I can imagine why. If anything, you were my first true love. The person I felt I could trust no matter what, the best thing that ever happened to me. You were all of that. You can't be that anymore, but you once were. Weren't things just easier back then? So thank you. For trusting me, for letting me into your life, for defending me, for trying to protect me, for believing in me, for standing by my side no matter what, for loving me. I don't regret any of it. I could never regret any of it. Not even all the bad parts. Not even the worst. They're all memories. They remind me you were real. So thank you for all of it. Not that I don't trust you completely, but that night we set the trap for -A, I felt like it was my chance to tell the truth. The truth is, I never stopped loving you. I meant every word I said. It's time to move on now. We went our separated ways, Caleb. It took us a

long time to realize we were out of sink, but we were. You have moved on, and I will too. You and Spence will be happy together, I know it. You're both smart, brave, great friends, loyal. All the things I could never be. If you ever need a friend, you know I will be there. You gave me the best years of my life. Even with all the drama. You were my light, but I was your dark. That was the problem. I'll find someone for me. You stay who you are. Thank you, for everything._

_ -Hanna._

She decided not to send the email, but some things were clearer to her now. She sat on her bed and buried her face in the pillows. This time, she let the tears fall. She sobbed and sobbed. Was everything going to be fine? No one could tell her that. No one knew.

She got up, wiped away her tears and grabbed her phone. She dialed Jordan's number. It went to voicemail, so she decided to leave a message.

"Jordan, hi, it's Hanna. I-um, I need to talk to you. Could we meet somewhere? Rosewood? Philly? Anywhere. We really need to talk. It's urgent, it can't wait. So please, just, call me when you get this. Bye."

Hanna sighed. She knew what she had to do, she just didn't know how to do it.

* * *

><p>Aria sat in her room, writing. After she finished a chapter, she noticed a box hidden under her desk. She took it and put it on the bed. She opened it. Pictures of her and Ezra. His gifts to her. Her gifts to him. All the books he gave her, all the poems he wrote her. A diary she wrote, mostly about him. Everything was in that box. Then, she saw a piece of paper. She read it.<p>

Ezra sat on his couch, a beer in his hand. Thinking about Aria. That was all he did for the past 2 weeks. He went out of the town so he wouldn't run into her. Then his eyes caught something. A piece of paper on a pile of things he didn't think he needed. He took the paper and read it.

_It's a number. _

_It's a song. _

_It's a girl. _

_Smooth. _

_Pearl Joy packed. _

_Gold Falafel, _

_As through ice. _

_It's four thirty. _

_Morning with _

_Phone calls. _

_It's deaf mute. _

_It's cheap. _

_A foreign car. _

_Maybe bingo. _

_Lucky night? _

_Something says _

_It smells bad. _

Tears fell down Aria's cheeks. B-26. Their poem. Their lives. That song meant so much to her. So much. He meant so much to her. But could she admit it. Could they be something more than friends?

Could they ever be more than friends? Ezra loved Aria. He thought he loved Nicole. Than Aria popped up in his mind. Everything they went through. How they fought for each other when it seemed impossible.

>B-26. He knew what he needed to do, and this poem showed him it was the right time. Who knew a poem could mean so much?Ezra pulled his phone out of his pocket.<p>

Aria's phone buzzed. She read the message.

_I think we should talk.

>Meet me? The Brew?
Is 5.00 okay?_

_ -Ezra._

Her heart skipped a beat. He wanted to talk to her. Bad or good? What did he have to say? That he loved her? No. That he didn't want them to be nothing more than friends? Yeah, probably. She quickly responded.

_Yeah, 5.00's good.

>_I'll see you there. -Aria

>

She got up. She had to find something to wear and get out of the sweats she was wearing. Her mind was on Ezra. What did he want? Did he want to end things? Or did he want her back? But how could she know what he wanted when she didn't even know what she wanted. She glanced on her laptop, and then on the piece of paper. On the top of the paper a name was written. EZRA FITZ. She touched the letters with her thumb and took a deep breath.

"You can do this, Aria." she thought.

* * *

><p>He sat nervously in The Brew. What was he going to say to her? So, being the Ezra Fitz he was, he started preparing a speech in her mind. And then the door opened.<p>

She nervously walked towards The Brew. What was she going to say to him? So, she started preparing a speech, but of course she wouldn't be ready in time, because she was already in front of The Rear Window Brew. And then she opened the door.

As soon as their eyes met, they didn't blink. Not even for a second. She slowly walked over to him, shaking, her eyes not leaving his. His eyes not leaving hers. And they wanted this moment to last forever. They were a lot of things. Complicated, wrong. But now, all the were was right. For once, they felt right. Even if it was only for a second.

* * *

><p>Hanna walked around in her hotel room. She felt like she was going to collapse. If she was this nervous to see Jordan, how was she gonna feel when she saw Caleb? It wasn't like she could avoid him forever. A knock on the door brought her back to reality. She opened door to see Jordan smiling. He embraced her.<p>

"Hanna! I missed you." he said.

"Jordan, hi." she said awkwardly.

"So what did you want to talk to me about?"

"Jordan, I..."

"Hanna, love? Look, if you want to change something about the wedding..."

"Yes, that's what I need to talk to you about. Jordan, I can't do this. I can't be with you."

He sighed. "It's Caleb, isn't it?"

"No, Jordan! There's nothing between me and Caleb! He's with Spencer!"

"Then what is it?"

"I don't know. I just don't know how I feel. And you need someone who can promise to love you and always be there for you. With everything in my life, I can't do that. I'm so sorry."

"I'm sorry, too. Bye, Hanna."

"Bye, Jordan."

"Oh and my the way, you and Caleb need to give it a shot. If I can't have you, I know he'll love you no matter what."

"Thanks a lot, but I don't think it would work out."

Jordan walked out and Hanna was now even more confused than before. If I can't have you, I know he'll love you no matter what. What was she supposed to do now? And she would spend hours thinking about it, but she heard a knock on the door.

* * *

><p>And it's done! Is it good? Is it bad? If you guys have any ideas or requests just review or PM me! I want to know what you want to read! Please, review! XOXO

4. Chapter 4

****And I updated! THANK YOU EVERYONE for all the reviews, I'm new here on fanfiction and I'm impressed! I'm so happy you guys read this story. And thank you for all of the reviews and not just on this story! You guys have no idea how much you all mean to me! ****

****By the way, my Youtube channel is XxLost And FoundxX, it's a fanvidding channel, mostly for PLL so check it out if you want!****

**** Twitter & Instagram: spobyxsparia****

****Sorry if there's mistakes, my first language isn't English. I know it's short, I'm sorry.****

****Review if you want, it would mean a lot to me!****

**** Love y'a!****

*** * ***

><p>"Hello, Hanna." Hanna's eyes widened. She was not prepared for this.<p>

"H-hey."

"Can I come in?"

"S-sure. Come in." Hanna said. "What brings you here."

"I need you to tell me the truth. About you and Caleb."

"Spencer. I... What do you want me to say?"

"I don't know? Do you have feelings for him?"

Hanna stayed silent. "Of course you do."

"And how did you figure that out?"

"Well, you're silent. And your ring is gone. And you're not looking me in the eyes."

"Wow. Even in this situation you are still a smart-ass."

Spencer chuckled slightly. "Thanks. So, did something happen? Like, did you two, you know?"

"NO! Spence, I would never do that to you! But we did kiss."

"Oh." Spencer's face fell down.

"I'm sorry. I don't even know what I'm sorry for anymore. For not telling you or for telling you that it was okay if you and Caleb got

together or getting engaged to someone I don't love or almost getting murdered and bringing Caleb into this mess or for thinking I could outsmart -A or for kissing him in the first place I just did it because I thought I was going to die so I wanted him to know the truth and I'm really sorry for even being such a terrible friend-

"Hanna!" Spencer shouted.

"Yes?"

"I need you to do one thing for me."

"Yes. I will do anything."

"Breathe!"

Hanna chuckled and took a deep breath. "I'm sorry."

"I am too. But why didn't you tell me? Were you ever going to tell me, Hanna?"

"Well, in this 2 weeks I only talked to my mom, Jordan and Aria. I just couldn't find the strength or courage to get out of this room."

"So you haven't seen him?"

"Om, no. Haven't you?"

"No, not really. Maybe he's not ready. Maybe he needs to sort things out. Trust me, I do too."

"Why? What's going on?" Hanna asked. Spencer glared at her.

"I mean, is there something else? Except all of this drama?"

"Yeah, it's just, I think I ruined Toby's relationship."

"Oh. And I thought my life was complicated. Aren't you and Toby over?"

"Yeah. We are. I think. We'll see. So, I guess we'll talk later?"

"Yeah. We'll talk."

Spencer walked out and Hanna collapsed on the couch. She was exhausted from all of the drama. She needed a break. A huge break.

* * *

><p>Spencer sighed. She just had the most awkward moment in her life. Her best friend and her boyfriend. Her best friend and her boyfriend. Her life was so messed up. Nothing fell into place anymore. God, she just wanted to sleep. _Maybe some pills would help... No, Spencer. No. Don't do this to yourself. _She wouldn't ruin herself like that. She was so much better than that.

"Spencer!" a voice shouting her name interrupted her thoughts. She

turned and saw Yvonne. _Great. Just great._

"Yvonne, hi."

"Hi. So, did he help you?"

"Sorry? I don't know what you mean."

"Toby. He said he needed to help a friend. I figured out it was you. I guess it was important."

"Yeah, sorry I dragged him away from you. But anyways, nice seeing you." Spencer tried to get out of a really awkward conversation.

"Wait. Congrats, to your mum."

"Oh, right, thank you. I'm sure my mum will really appreciate it, but I have to go now."

"Wait, please. Is there something I need to know? About you and Toby?"

"What? No! I would never do that! I'm in a relationship. Maybe. I think. Ugh, I don't even know anymore. But no, Toby, he's all yours."

Spencer faked a smile and quickly walked away.

* * *

><p>Toby sighed as he took his coffee in The Radley. God, life was so messed up.<p>

Then he spotted Yvonne. And she saw him too. She walked over to him.

"Hey." she said.

"Yvonne, listen-"

"No, you listen. I told you. I'm not going to tell you to choose me over her. And I know you'll say it's complicated when I ask you about Spencer. Last chance to tell the truth Toby, or we're over."

"Yvonne, listen, it's just-" he stopped. He didn't know what to say to her.

"That's enough. We're over." Yvonne walked out of The Radley.

Toby sighed. If he loved her, he would follow her. But he didn't. He couldn't move his feet.

He only thought about the tall brunette he fell in love with when she showed up on his porch one day, back when they were sixteen, back when she was AP French, his tutor, and he was a person of interest in a murder of a girl who's not dead anymore. Yup, their lives were always very exhausting.

Very exhausting.

He went out and then he saw her.

"Crap." he muttered.

What was he going to say to her?

She saw him too.

"Crap." she muttered, but not enough for anybody else to hear.

He stood 10 feet away from her. Oh boy.

What was she going to say to him?

"Spence." he said, smiling.

"Toby." she smiled back.

* * *

><p>Hanna was sweating and panting in her sleep. Another nightmare. Charlotte's dollhouse. And her kidnapper. Or 'A.D.' or whoever that person was. That person in a black hoodie haunted her for the past 2 weeks.<p>

"No! No! No, please! No!" she screamed. "Somebody help me! Please! No!"

End
file.